wanted to do that and more almost since I first saw him, two years ago, when I was working in a junk store owned by the cunt-struck seaman referred to above. That was before he got evicted. He hung out with me at the store, possibly because there wasn't much happening at home. There wasn't much happening in the store either, but at least there was some company. I enjoyed his company.

I suppose that was why I tried to help him out, with small amounts of money, some food, and cigarettes. It was natural. I liked him, and I knew he was broke. I was grateful that he accepted what I had to offer. He reciprocated by showing up at closing time to help me bring in the heavier stuff, dressers and cedar chests and mahogany table-tops.

Yet by some dynamic I still don't understand, in a few months Joe was working in the store and I was out of a job. I know my manic so-called boss had a lot to do with it. Joe was also manic. That might have explained the kids, who also started to hang out at the store. His oldest son would run away and have to be brought back home by the cops, whom he'd regale on the way by telling them the plots of the last x-rated movies he'd watched with his old man. That brought the cops around the store and created a lot of trouble for me. It upset me more than the seaman, who wasn't phased by anything sexual or by cops either, with whom he dealt quite comfortably, thug to thug. Joe and the seaman wore me out, till one afternoon when the seaman started to whine about my ten percent I just quit. I